

## Honey Blond-Haired Baby

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Category: Halloween

Genre: Family, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Deborah M., Michael M.

Status: Completed

Published: 2013-03-17 21:09:18

Updated: 2013-03-17 21:09:18

Packaged: 2016-04-26 22:22:14

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 536

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: She had lost everything. Everything. She often wondered why life was worth living. But she could always find a reason. Not anymore, no matter how hard she tried.

## Honey Blond-Haired Baby

\_Title : Honey Blond-Haired Baby\_

\_Rating : K+\_

\_Disclaimer : I do not own Halloween, nor Deborah and Michael Myers.\_

\_Just a short thing I wrote and completely forgot about for like 2 months. Well. I thought I could upload it. Hope you like.\_

\* \* \*

><p>Deborah was lying on the couch, watching pictures and videos of her beloved son. He was her treasure, her little boy, the little ray of light in her dark life. And now he was gone, gone. She would never have him back, his kind soul had left his little body, replaced by a monster - No ! He wasn't a monster, he was still her son ! Her little Michael was still here... Her beautiful golden-haired baby was still alive, but his brain had been washed clean... He was a blood-thirsty child, insane, or just extremely smart. He hadn't recognized her, did he ? He looked so evil... So wicked... Did he lie to her all these years ? Did he hide his dark side all this time ? She didn't want to believe it, she wanted him to love her as much as she loved him. And now she was scared of him... Scared of her own son... Debbie found herself disgusting. She was abandoning him. She was a poor excuse for a mother. She cried more. Her tears never stopped falling. She wondered if you could actually run out of tears. She had lost everything. Everything. She often wondered why life was worth living. But she could always find a reason.<p>

Not anymore, no matter how hard she tried. There were no pictures, no captured memories anymore. She couldn't escape from those in her head now. Before she had time to think too much, she held the gun to her head.

A hand grabbed her wrist. In panick, she pointed the gun to the shadow behind her and fired.

Angel started to cry. Nothing else. Nor she or the shape made a sound. But two blue orbs were looking deep into her eyes. Pain and fear in them. The gun fell to the floor.

"M-Mom...?" Michael was gripping his chest, his hands covered in blood. He was scared. His mother was horrified. The little boy collapsed on his knees, gasping for air, spitting out blood. She rushed by his side and whimpered : "Michael, I'm sorry, so sorry, forgive me, forgive me...!" She didn't have time to speak more. She found blood-stained arms wrapped around her neck. "I'm home, mom..." Michael had injuries other than the one he just got. Other bullet wounds on his head, cuts and bruises.

"Honey...  
>- Mommy... It's over... I-I'm home..." His hair was soaked with blood.<p>

"How did you get out...?  
>- I escaped, mommy. They tried to shoot me. Mommy... Mommy I'm sorry... Please don't kill yourself..."<p>

She felt terrible when she understood that her son had figured out what she wanted to do with the gun.

"Michael... It's not your fault..." He looked doubtful and it broke her heart. "Believe me, my love... Let's clean you up and put on dry clothes..."

Michael smiled faintly and followed her.

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><p><em>Reviews are free but priceless to me.<em>

End  
file.